

SONNET LXXIV .



GEASE, over-tired *Muses ^f to complain ! In
vain, thou pours out words! in vain, thy
tears 1 In vain, thou writes thy verses ! all in
vain! For to the rocks and wall, which never
hears,, Thou speakes ! and sendes complaints,
which find no grace! But why compare I thee
to rocks, and walls ? Yes, thou descendes
from stones and rocks, by race I But rocks
will answer to the latter calls. Yea, rocks will
speak each sentence's last word, And in each
syllable of that word agree; But thou, nor
last, nor first, wilt me afford! Hath Pride, or
Nature, bred this fault in thee ? Nature and
Pride have wrought in thee these evils: For
women are, by Nature, proud as devils!

SON N E T LXX V.



LOVE is a name too lovely for the god!
He naked goes, red coloured in his
skin,
And bare, all as a boy fit for a rod.
Hence into Afric ! There, seek out thy
kin Amongst the Moors! and swarthy men
of Ind !
Me, thou, of joys and sweet content hast
hindered !
Hast thou consumed me ! and art of my
kind ?
Hast thou enraged me! yet art of my
kindred? Nay, Ismarus, or Rhodopc thy
father!
Or craggy Caucasus, thy crabbed sire!
Vesuvius, else ? or was it Etna rather ?
For thou, how many dost consume with
fire !
Fierce tigers, wolves, and panthers gave
thee suck *I*
For lovely VENUS had not such evil luck!